

· JANUARY 1922 ·

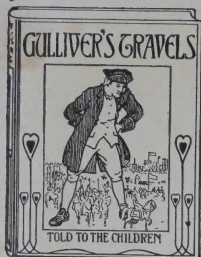
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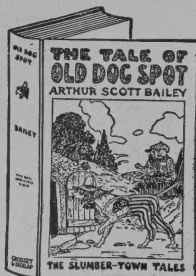
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New Games to Play

THE GAME OF THIRTY

By Anna H. Hamilton

HERE is a homemade game that not only furnishes pastime in making, but endless entertainment in playing, and if you play it often, you will find that you have learned to add quickly, almost without knowing it.

First get a calendar with red and black figures, in which the blocks containing the figures measure about one-half by one inch in size. Pick out six months that have the most red figures. Each month must have a 30. Have as many red 30's as possible.

Mount these six sheets on light-weight cardboard, and when they are quite dry, cut on the lines between the blocks. Discard all 31's. There will be one hundred and eighty cards, each containing a number somewhere between 1 and 30.

There may be two or more players; four will prove most interesting. All cards are placed on the table face down. Each player takes twenty cards, using the lid of a shoe-box for a holder. This makes it possible for a player to see all of his own cards at once, but prevents other players from seeing them accidentally. The object is to get as many 30's as possible, either 30 on one card, or as the sum of the numbers on two cards. 30 makes a book. Here are the possibilities:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
30	29	28	27	26	25	24	23
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
22	21	20	19	18	17	16	15

When each player has taken twenty cards, each one sees how many books can be made from the cards he holds. All books are placed on the table before the player, in sight. Books are always placed in order, and a sequence secured if possible. When no more books can be made, the first player calls from any other player a number which, added to the one he holds in his hand, will make the required 30. For instance, if he holds a 13, he will ask for a 17. If successful, this new book is placed on the table with the rest, and the player continues as long as he is successful. When his turn is over, he takes two cards from the reserve, making more books with these if possible, and the next player begins.

The game is played until no card is left in the reserve or in the hands.

Adding up the score: each player counts the number of books he has made, each book counting 1. Then the red numbers are counted; each individual red number adds 1, with the exception of the red 30, which adds 2. A sequence from 1 to 15 adds 5; a double sequence, from 1 to 30, adds 15.

This game may be varied in many ways. For younger children all numbers above 20 may be discarded, making it a *Game of Twenty*; for still younger ones, it may be made a *Game of Ten*.

SOMETHING FROM FAR AWAY



Gorham, N. H.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for two years. I think I enjoy the Letter Bag most, because it gives me an idea of what other boys and girls are doing. I am twelve years old. I have no brothers or sisters. I am in the sixth grade. I take piano lessons. I live at the foot of Mount Washington, and all of the Presidential Range. The scenery is very pretty here, both in summer and winter. It is quite cold here in the winter, but we have many sports. I like the boys' sports the best. There is a lead mine here, but lead is not taken from it now. I belong to a club of seven girls. We go on tramps and picnics, and have some splendid times together. Why don't some of you girls get up such a club? I would like very much to get some letters from boys and girls anywhere, and I will answer them.

Alice Haley.



Lynnwood, Va.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been wanting to write to you for some time, but couldn't seem to get started. I have been taking you for five years, and like you very much. I live on a farm of 1200 acres. We have lots of horses, cattle, calves, colts and hogs. We raise mostly wheat, corn, rye and hay. We live in the southeastern part of Virginia in the Shenandoah Valley. Lynnwood is not a big place, but it has a mill, a church, a store and a station. I have a dog named Lassie. She is three years old, and we like her very much. We have about one hundred and fifty chickens, and three cats. I go to a private school, and there are only ten of us who go. In summer I go swimming, boating and fishing. Sometimes we go up to Grottoes, to a cave called "Grottoes of the Shenandoah." The cave is about six miles from here, and lots of people go there in the summer. I would like some girl to write to me, whose birthday is the twenty-ninth of January, because that is my birthday.

Jas. H. Walker.

* Grey Eagle, Minn.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl ten years old, and in the seventh grade at school. Grey Eagle is a summer resort village with many lakes around it. The largest is Birch Lake, which is three miles long and half a mile wide. There are three Birch Lakes—Big Birch, Little Birch and Middle Birch. It is Big Birch that is so large. All together, they are about a mile and a half wide and five miles long. When you stand at the window in our school you can see Big Birch, Turin and Bass Lakes. There are also lakes called Lady, Mound, Mountain, Long and Swan. We have land on Big Birch and Mountain Lakes. That on Big Birch has a fine beach, but that on Mountain hasn't one good for swimming. I can swim and dive.

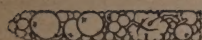
Elaine Laughlin.



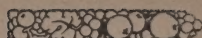
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been an interested reader for several years. I am the eldest of four, and my sister and two brothers also like your stories very much. I am a little city girl, and we live in a pleasant neighborhood, where everyone likes children. Our house is on top of a high hill, just above the Cliff Drive, and in plain sight of the river of muddy water—the Missouri River. When you are close to the river, the water is a muddy yellow, but from a distance it is a river of silver. On the hill behind us we find a great many wild flowers in the spring, especially violets. While walking or riding along the Drive, we pass high, towering, rocky cliffs, with heavy vines growing over them. Between these vines, in little crevices, we find big, blue Sweet Williams, and over the rocks, climbing columbine. Even in a city there is beauty, wild beauty, if one looks for it. I would be glad to hear from some of the other readers especially those about fourteen years old. My address is 1820 Pendleton Street.

Muir Edelen.



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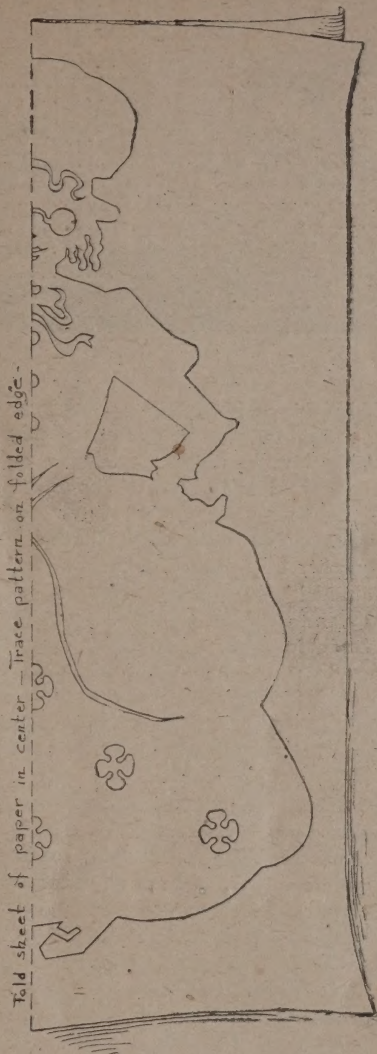
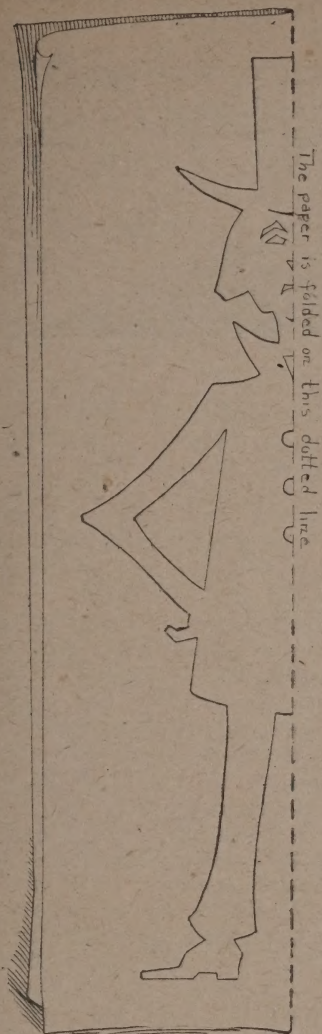
SOLEMN SOLOMON AND MERRY MARY

BY JOSEPHINE A. BAKER

SOLEMN Solomon Grim
And merry Mary Anne Mirth,
I think very little of *him*,
But *she* is the salt of the earth!

He's always looking for rain,
She's always looking for sun,
So he has less pleasure than pain,
While she has just *oodles* of fun!

She's always wearing a smile,
He has a furious frown;
What do *you* do all the while?
Does *your* face go *up* or *down*?

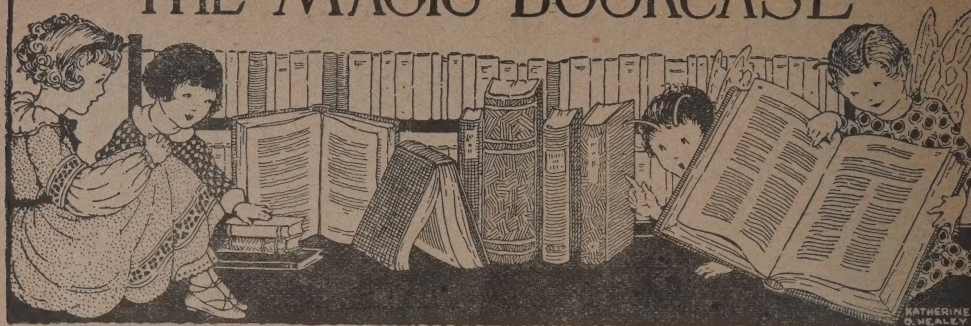


You can make this couple queer
If you take great care, my dear.
Paper, pencil, scissors small,
You will need to use them all.

Fold the paper with great care,
Trace the pattern plainly there.
Cut the outlines—now be slow
For this part is hard, you know.

But I know that you can do it
If you put your mind right to it.
Soon Solomon and Mary gay
Will be ready for your play.

THE MAGIC BOOKCASE



SUCH a lot of jolly Book-Folk as there are, waiting to live in your bookcase and mine, each one eager to make magic for us!

First of all, there is *Black-Eyed Susan*, who gives her name to a delightful story for really little children. Susan lives with Grandfather and Grandmother in Featherbed Lane, and her story is crammed with joyous adventures with Philip, Letty and Gentilla, the little gypsy girl. Once you begin to read it, you won't want to put the story down until you have quite finished the book, and what better test of a good story can there be? Ethel C. Phillips wrote the story, and Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston is the publisher. The price is \$1.50.

This year *Little Folks* is going to print one of Thomas Clark Hinkle's good animal stories, and here are two others that you will enjoy reading, both by the same author. One of them is called *Doctor Rabbit and Slinky the Black Wolf*, and tells how Slinky came, one night, to make his home in the Big Green Woods. It also tells how Slinky decided not to stay—but that is the story, and you must read it for yourself. *Tiny Cotton-tail* is the story of the thrilling adventures of a wee rabbit who has a lively time keeping out of the way of other wood folk who don't appreciate such a nice little bunny, except as food! Both stories belong to the *Greenwood Series*, and may be purchased from Rand, McNally Co., Chicago, Illinois, who will tell you the price if you will write to them.

The Star People is a really fascinating book for children, and for grown-ups, too, who like to look at the stars. It gives the clearest description of their positions, and the shapes of the constellations that we have seen in a search for such a book. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York City. (\$1.50.)

More fairy-folk will greet you when you read *All-Time Tales*, published by Lippincott, Philadelphia. This book is intended for very little folk, who are learning to read. The words are

simple, and the hardest ones are printed at the beginning of the story so that they may be learned first, and not spoil the story for the little reader. Some of the Book-Folk in this volume are very famous—some are not so well known; but all of them are interesting, and their stories are printed in large, clear type, and the pictures are in color. The price is 75c.

The Kindergarten Children's Hour is the name given to a set of five books published by the Houghton Mifflin Co., of Boston, for children and their mothers. The volumes contain, among other things, more than a hundred of the world's famous kindergarten stories; fascinating talks to boys and girls that answer their questions about the world they are growing up into; one hundred and thirty-five songs and singing games that thousands of children have loved; talks that solve the daily problems of health and character building for children, and hundreds of directions for making the most fascinating playthings with your own hands, out of odds and ends of material that can be found at home. Tell Mother to write to the publishers regarding this set. It will be worth her while. There is no other just like it.

Another author who has written many a charming story for your magazine is Frances Margaret Fox. Perhaps you remember her story of the Raggy Doll and the Fairy Shoemaker? Rand McNally, Chicago, has published a series of four little books about Little Bear, that every child will love. The titles are *The Adventures of Sonny Bear*, *Little Bear and His Friends*, *Little Bear At Work and At Play*, and *The Kinderkins*. Each of these delightful books is printed in large, clear type, with lots and lots of pictures in colors, and the stories themselves are just the sort you love to hear. It's quite surprising how like little human children Little Bear can be! Write the publisher for the price.

Any of these books may be ordered directly from the publishers.

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AND SAVE MONEY

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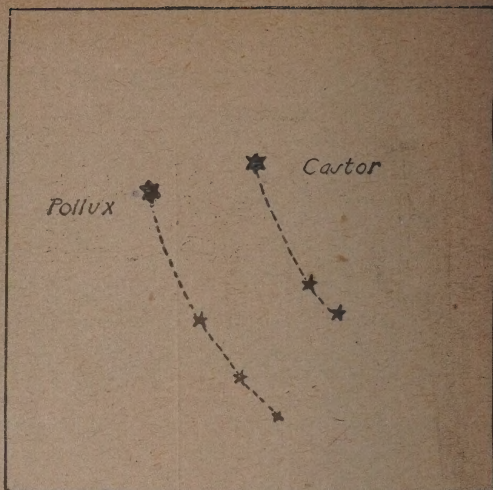
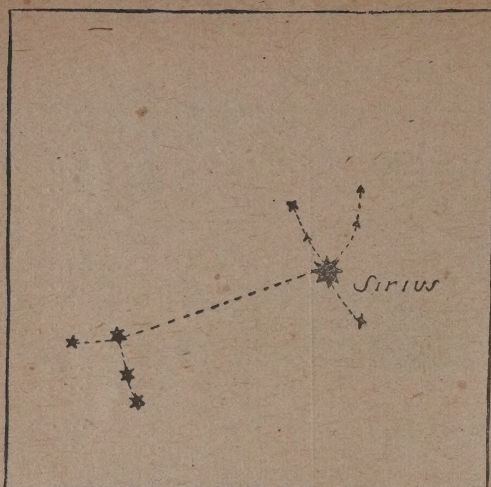
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SOMETHING TO FIND IN THE SKY

LITTLE STAR STUDIES

ORION, the great hunter, had a dog named Sirius, who followed him faithfully through all his adventures. The Greeks believed that this dog was translated to the sky with Orion. The "Big Dog," or *Canis Major*, is just back of Orion, and the brightest star in all the sky is in this constellation, and is called Sirius. A straight line through Orion's belt, continued to the south-east, would pass through Sirius. This line continued in a slight curve downward passes through the star which make the backbone of the dog.

The twins, Castor and Pollux, are a bit harder to find. First look for Aldebaran, the bright red star in the eye of Taurus, the bull. Follow a straight line from Aldebaran up through the left horn of the bull, and you will find Castor, the head of the lesser twin. The head of Pollux

is just beside it, and the bodies of the twins are side by side. A line through Orion's largest foot and his brightest shoulder can also be used as a pointer to find Castor.

The Greeks believed that Castor and Pollux were the sons of Jupiter. Like Orion, they were hunters. One day Castor was killed in combat; Pollux grieved so deeply that Jupiter permitted Castor to return to life, if Pollux would agree to spend half his time with Castor in Hades, the land of the dead. Afterwards, Jupiter transformed the twins into constellations.

The Romans worshipped the twins and built temples to their honor. Castor and Pollux were believed to have an especial fondness for sailors, who prayed to them for protection from storms at sea.

Margherita O. Osborne.

SOMETHING TO GUESS

HERE are a few conundrums, with answers, that you can try on your friends.

What is the ugliest hood ever worn? Falsehood.

How far is it from February to April? A March of 31 days.

What can you fill a barrel with to make it lighter? Holes.

Pack upon pack, and a hole in the middle. A chimney.

Spell dry grass with three letters. H-A-Y.

What holds its hands in front of its face all the time? A clock.

When was beef the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon.

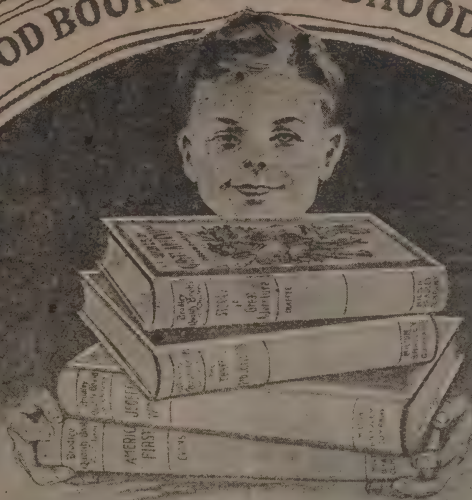
What is the difference between a buffalo nickel and a victory quarter? Twenty cents.

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat and an Italian soldier wear silver buttons on his coat? To keep the coat buttoned, of course.

Why can no quadruped enter a city garden? Because there can never be more than three feet in a yard.



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HAPPY NEW YEAR

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1922

No. 1

A CHILD'S BELIEF

IF I try real hard every day
To put some little fault away,
Then I shall be a New Child when
I see the New Year come again! •

Bessie C. Newton.

HOW A KING'S CHILDREN KEPT NEW YEAR'S DAY

BY FRED MYRON COLBY

A LONG time ago — six hundred and fifty years and more — there were five little princes and princesses growing up in a great palace in London. The oldest was about twelve years of age, and the youngest was just a toddling baby just big enough to toddle about by the help of chairs and nurses and hands held out lovingly.

Their father was King Henry the Third of England, and their mother was the beautiful Queen Eleanor of Provence, a descendant of the gay troubadours.

King Henry and his young queen were popular sovereigns in their early days, and they were great almsgivers to the poor.

New Year's Day in 1251 was kept at the royal palace in a charming manner, according to an old chronicler. It was the birthday of one of the young princes, the little Edmund, who was born on January 1, 1245.

The king and queen gave out at court that on New Year's Day they would hold a feast in the Queen's Chamber, and that, as the feast was in honor of the little prince's birthday, only children would be invited.

And these children were not those of the rich and noble families of the realm, but were, instead, the poor children of the city — chimney-sweeps, ballad singers, waifs and castaways. All the unkempt starving ragamuffins were gathered from the narrow dirty streets of the town, and the highways and byways outside. It was a motley crowd that poured in like an army through the stately gates of Westminster, and made its way into the Queen's Chamber, led by gorgeous attendants.

On New Year's Day in that great chamber were set the tables for the children's banquet. The tables were rough boards laid on rude trestles and covered with coarse cloths. There was a crowd of servants busy getting the feast ready, and the steaming of the rich meats filled the whole palace with appetizing odors. For several days all the royal cooks had been at work in the kitchen of the palace, and now the tables were spread with such an array of dishes as had never been seen before in England.

The children had never dreamed of such a banquet in all their lives. And how their hungry eyes must have sparkled at sight of it, and what a fine time they must have had! They hardly knew where to begin. There were roasted joints and boars' heads, broths of pork and onions, pigs roasted and chickens roasted, jellies of fish, white soup made of almonds, and other strange dishes, and home-brewed ale galore, for there was no tea or coffee in England in those days. And of this feast there was enough for all; not a single child was stinted, and for once in their lives each one had all he wished to eat. But the day's doings did not end with the dinner.

When the children had crammed themselves full of the good things, King Henry, in his furred robes of state, entered the room, leading his fair and smiling queen, and followed by the young princes and princesses. Queen Eleanor made a gracious little speech, telling the children how glad she was they could all come to Westminster and partake of the good cheer, and how they owed it all to the five royal children. And then she said that she had a surprise in store for them.

She whispered a word to her husband, who smiled on her and then gave an order to one of the pages.

Presently, several servants came in, one of whom bore a great balance, while the others carried heavy mysterious sacks,



HIS WEIGHT IN SILVER PENNIES

which they set down upon the reed-strewn floor beside the scales. The eyes of the children looked all the surprise they felt, you may be sure, and they were still more mystified at the next feature of the programme.

"Now, my son, we are ready," said the king to his heir, the proud Prince Edward; and, looking very handsome in his robes of stiff embroidery and his velvet cap resting upon his long golden curls, the tall boy of twelve stepped into one of the great scales. One of the bags was then untied, and a shower of silver pennies was poured into the other scale until the prince was lifted up from the floor!

"Hold!" cried the king; and then the prince stepped aside, while the heap of silver pennies was scattered among the great crowd of eager scrambling children.

The bonny Princess Margaret then stepped into the scale, and the silver pennies jingled again until the beautiful girl was fairly outweighed, and gave way to the laughing little Princess Beatrice. She, in turn, was followed by Edmund, the little birthday prince, who, affrighted, pouted and almost cried. Even wee baby Katherine was weighed, crowing and clapping her hands all the time at the jingle of the little silver coins. And all these piles of silver were scattered, as Prince Edward's had been, among the poor children who had been feasted.

CITY BOY AND COUNTRY BOY

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

Says the Country Boy, "Which would I be?
A city or a country lad — why, the country just suits me!"

Says the City Boy, "Which place is best of all?
I'll have the city any time, summer, winter, spring or fall!"

And so it seems both strange and good,
That both like home best — as wise folks should.



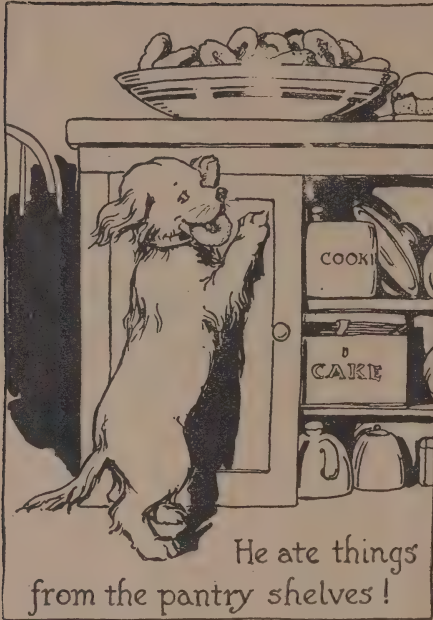
THE DOG THAT LOST HIS WAG

BY RUTH CAMPBELL

THE Little-Boy-With-the-Eton-Collar was tucked in bed for the night. He was a tired Little Boy and excited, with a great deal to tell his mother, because he had spent the afternoon at the dog show.

"There were all kinds of dogs, Mother," he said. "And some were growlish and some were waggish. What makes some dogs friendly and some not?" he finished.

"I don't know just why," answered his mother. "But I do know about one little dog, and why he was waggish, as you say, and if you will cuddle down and be quiet I will tell you the story of THE DOG THAT LOST HIS WAG.



There lived once upon a time, on a nice shady street in a city very much like this, a little red dog named "Peto."

He was a very good little dog with a kind heart and pretty manners, and he could be trusted, and almost never had to be scolded.

He used to go to market with his mistress and always carried the meat for dinner home in his mouth. Of course, it was well wrapped, but he never put his teeth through the paper even though it smelled ever so

tempting. And he never stopped to play with other dogs when he carried bundles, but marched straight on.

Sometimes he carried a basket with groceries. They were not as tempting as the meat, because there were such things as clothespins and laundry soap and breakfast tea, and as you know, little dogs are not much interested in such articles. But once in awhile the basket would have round cakes with frosting, or boxes of codfish, and then it was hard for Peto not to take an extra sniff, but he never thought of eating anything because he was such a good little dog.

But suddenly the strangest thing happened.

Peto grew very bad.

Nobody knows just how it happened, but Peto woke up one morning feeling different, and before the day was over he knew he *WAS* different. He was bad. As naughty as could be. And the worst part of it was that he wanted to be a horrid little red dog.

He began digging great holes in the flower beds. He planted bones in the front yard. He dragged a dead rat in the house

and left it where he knew it would surprise and frighten his mistress. He chewed the clothes on the line, and he ate things from the pantry shelves and took cakes out of the cake box. Cakes that were intended for a tea party, and not for a little red dog named "Peto."

Things went from bad to worse. Peto's master and mistress could do nothing with him.

Finally, the neighbors sent in word that the things they had in their ice-boxes were intended for their own families, and not for other persons' dogs. And also, that they planted flowers to grow and not to be dug up.

And then other well-mannered dogs on the same street and streets near, stopped calling on Peto, because when they did call, Peto behaved like such a rowdy. Even when they went to see Peto with the best intentions in the world, their calls always ended in dreadful quarrels, with bites and growls and chewed ears and paws that hurt.

Goodness knows how it would have ended if it had not been for the fairies.

After Peto had been behaving like this for a month the fairies got together to talk it over.

They saw how unhappy it was making Peto's master and mistress and how annoyed the neighbors were, and they knew that Peto would get into serious trouble if he did not mend his ways. So they decided to punish him.

One day three of the most powerful fairies called at Peto's home.

"Well now," said Peto roughly, "what do YOU want?"

"We want you to be good," said the first fairy.



"We want you to be kind," said the second fairy.

"We want you to be honest," said the third fairy.

"And I will be just what I want to be," growled Peto, and marched off to pick a quarrel with a fluffy poodle that was walking by.

"You see," said the first fairy to the others, "he must be punished, there is no other way."

"Yes," answered the other two, "he will have to be punished. There *IS* no other way."

And what do you think they did? They took away his Wag. When first you think about it, it does not seem so bad. But it was really dreadful.

You see, Peto had no way of showing that he was pleased when his Wag was gone. He could not greet a strange dog pleasantly. He could not thank the cook for food, and he had no way of telling his master and mistress that he loved them. And when he met children and wanted to play they would run away because Peto did not seem friendly, having no Wag.

Poor little Peto! He was like a small boy who has suddenly lost his tongue. It was really pathetic.

Directly Cook stopped feeding him because he had no way of thanking her, and she said, "I am not going to feed an ungrateful little wretch."

Presently his master and mistress stopped petting him because he had no way of showing that he liked it, and they said, "We are not going to love a little red dog that does not love us."

And next, strange dogs growled great growls at him because he had no way of showing that he was friendly, and they said, "He bounces at us without wagging his tail. Let's bite him before he has a chance to bite us."

Peto became a thin, neglected and gloomy little red dog.

Finally, it got just too bad for words, and Peto felt that he could not stand the punishment another minute. He decided that he had deserved it, but would not deserve it any longer, so he went to the fairies to ask for his Wag back.

He found the fairies swinging on the branches of a box tree, and when they saw him they said:

"Well now, what do *YOU* want?"

Then Peto told them that he wanted his Wag back, and the fairies said:

"What will you do with it if we give it back?"

"I will use it every day at meal times and as often between meals as I can," promised Peto.

"What about the bones buried in the yard?" asked the first fairy.

"What about the cakes taken from the cake box?" asked the second fairy.

"And what about the dug-up flower beds?" asked the third fairy.

Peto hung his head. "I am ashamed of them all," he answered, "and if you will only let me be waggish once more, I will never do such naughty things again."

Of course, you know that the fairies are very kind little people at heart, and when they saw that Peto was truly sorry they did not want to punish him any longer. So they talked it over among themselves while Peto waited anxiously under the branches. At last, the most important fairy spoke.

"We are going to give you back your Wag," he said, "but it will be on trial. We are going to see how you behave with it and if you are good you may keep it, but if you are bad you will lose it again for always."

So they gave him back his Wag, and wasn't Peto the happiest little dog in all the world. He jumped around and barked and wagged, and wagged, and *WAGGED*. And he raced into the house to show Cook his Wag and to bark to his master and mistress about it.

The last time I heard of him he was keeping his promise like a good little red dog, and everybody was being kind to him because he could show that he was pleased.

Cook fed him the best food in the kitchen, because he had a Wag to thank her. His master and mistress petted him a great deal because he had a Wag to show that he loved them.

and other dogs stopped growling great growls at him, because he had a Wag to show that he was friendly.

Everyone likes being kind to kindly dogs.

The Little-Boy-With-the-Eton-Collar had both eyes closed tight. His mother thought he was asleep, but when she leaned over to tuck him in, both of the sleepy eyes came wide open.

"I'm glad Peto got his Wag back," he said. "And you don't think he lost it again, ever?"

"I'm sure he didn't," whispered his mother.

"Good!" said the Little-Boy-With-the-Eton-Collar, and in another minute he was fast asleep.



TO ALL LITTLE FOLKS

THIS NOTICE

When Winter comes in
Remember the birds!
To feed them begin
When Winter comes in.
Their praise you will win
In song, if not words.
When Winter comes in
Remember the birds!

Nora Archibald Smith.

THE GAY BABOON

BY LUCILLE GULLIVER



ON THE THIRD SHELF

NOW Miss Mehitable Huldry Smith was very fond of cookies. She liked every kind in the cook-book, and especially ginger cookies. So she thought she would make some.

She took down her big blue gingham-apron from a hook in the pantry, and tied it tight right around her waist. Then she rolled up her sleeves 'way beyond her little pointed elbows, and went to work.

There was butter to cream, and eggs to beat, and flour to sift, and molasses to measure, and lots of things to do. And Miss Mehitable Huldry Smith whisked round and round. She got all the things ready, and put the big yellow bowl and the mixing-spoon side by side on the kitchen table. Then she tipped in the butter all fine and creamy, then she tipped in the sugar all fine and white, then the eggs, the molasses, the flour, and last she tipped in a little bit of spice. Then she stirred and stirred.

When it was just right, she tipped it all out on the moulding-board, and rolled and rolled. And pretty soon it was as flat as flat could be. Then she put her little tin cutters right on the flat, flat dough — and something happened.

All at once the moulding-board was covered with gingerbread men! There were tall gingerbread men and short gingerbread men, all made just purposely to eat. Miss Mehitable Huldry Smith laughed right out to think how good they would be by and by for supper.

She made little dough buttons, and put them on the little dough coats of all the gingerbread men, and she put a red candy in the hands of the tall gingerbread men, and a blue candy in the hands of the short gingerbread men. This was

so that she could tell which were the tall ones and which were the short ones. And then she laid them in the pan all ready to bake and brown and puff up.

But just then Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith heard a noise — a little noise, so little that she couldn't tell where it was or what it was. She turned her head and listened with her right ear; and then she turned her head and listened with her left ear; and then she listened with both ears. But she couldn't tell what it was. So she gave up trying to find out, and thought she would put the gingerbread men into the oven.

In one corner of the kitchen where Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith had been making her cookies there was a high closet, all full of dishes for cooking. Now just as Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith took up the gingerbread men to put them into the oven to bake and brown and puff up, she heard a clink-clink, clink-clink, in this very cupboard. The cupboard door was closed, and Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith wondered what was happening inside, all in the dark. Clink-clink, she heard again, clink-clink.

My, it astonished her so that she set the gingerbread men on the edge of the kitchen table, and sat herself in the kitchen rocker, and wondered! She had never heard anything like that before in her cupboard, nor in anyone's else for that matter. And she hadn't the least idea what was going to happen next.

Clink-clink, clink-clink! Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith thought she heard a cup or two tipping round, and the nap-pies rattled in their little covers.

Then there came the same little noise Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith had heard before, and it made her cheeks become very white, and her eyes grow big as saucers.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r," it seemed to say. "B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r."

And all of a sudden the cupboard door opened, and there was an animal sitting right on the third shelf!

Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith was so surprised and so scared that she jumped right up from the kitchen rocker.

"Mercy! Mercy!" she cried. "What is it? What is it?"

And she looked and saw that it was a baboon. He had a curly little tail, and two fore-leg arms, and two fuzzy ears. And there he was sitting very still on the cupboard shelf!

By this time the crockery didn't clink-clink any more, and Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith was wondering how the baboon ever came in her cupboard.

But the baboon didn't tell, for he was busy looking all over



THE BABOON WALLOPED OVER, AND OPENED THE OVEN DOOR, AND PUSHED THEM IN

the kitchen. Pretty soon he spied the gingerbread men lying in the pan on the kitchen table. So he thought he wouldn't sit on the third shelf any longer.

And Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith was watching with all her eyes.

He stepped from the third shelf to the second, and from the second to the first, and down to the floor, and over to the kitchen table. Then the baboon took all the gingerbread men —

the tall ones with red candy, and the short ones with blue candy — and walloped over, and opened the oven door, and pushed them in.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" said he, as he shut the oven door.

And then the gay baboon turned round, and looked at Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith — and laughed up his sleeve!

Then he sat down in the other rocker by the window, and rocked and rocked. And Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith was so amazed that she couldn't do a thing. She sat in her rocker, and rocked and rocked.

And the gingerbread men in the oven were baking and browning and puffing up.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" said the baboon.

And that's all for now about the gay baboon.

A RIDDLE RHYME

By CHARLES STUART PRATT

I have a head
But no body below,
And only one leg
On which to go;

Yet I can trot,
And can gallop and run,
As if I had four
Instead of one;

For when I go
It is never alone,
But with two small legs
Besides my own.



THE LITTLE BOYS WERE REALLY NOT VERY BRAVE

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

BY GRACE PETTIS

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
 And they began to cry:
 "Oh, mother dear, we very much fear
 That we have lost our mittens!"
 "Lost your mittens? You naughty kittens!
 Then you shall have no pie!
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow;
 No, you shall have no pie;
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

KATHERINE BLISS, Katherine Evans and Katherine Wood all started for the same kindergarten on the very same morning. Wasn't that a joke?

Katherine Bliss went home and said, "Phwat you fink, Mud-der? Dere was two odder little girls named Kaferine, just as sweet!"

And Katherine Evans said to her mama, "You can't guess who was at kindergarten!" And when her mama tried and tried, and finally gave it up, she said triumphantly, "Two other little girls named Katherine, and they're nicer than any of the rest!"

And Katherine Wood couldn't wait for nurse to take off her bonnet before she called excitedly, "Oh, Mothah, the bufulest little girls you evah saw, bofe of 'em named Katherine, were there to-day!"

So you see it was a clear case of "love at first sight," for each thought the other two were "puffickly lubbly"—and I'm very sure you would have thought so, too.

One had big gray eyes and a head covered with short yellow curls; one had dark brown eyes and hair; and one had eyes so blue every one who saw them was sure she got them "out of the sky" as she "came through," and hair a beautiful red, so beautiful people always turned and looked after her.

Their real selves were just as different as their hair and eyes; but you know there are lots of flowers as different as can be, and yet each just as sweet and pretty as the others, so that if any one should ask you to tell which you liked best you couldn't choose—and that was the way with these three little girls.

Everybody loved them, and everybody smiled to see them—trotting along hand in hand, for they were a very winsome trio.

One day Miss Hall, the kindergarten teacher, called them the "Three Little Kittens," and the name clung to them, although no one ever called any of them "Kitty."

All through the fall the "Three Little Kittens" had delightful "good times" together, and loved each other more and more all the while, but when winter came and the snows fell they one day came to grief.

They were going home from kindergarten, sliding along and having no end of fun, when, thump, came a snowball on the back of Katherine Wood's head. And when they all turned around quickly to see who threw it, two more struck the other two Katherines, and they saw three little boys scampering around the corner as fast as they could run!

Now Katherine Wood had the spirit of the Revolution in her make-up, for her great-great-great-grandfather had fought in that war, and she didn't propose to let an attack like that go unchallenged.

So she led the charge, and the three little girls ran after the three little boys as fast as their small feet could carry them, pulling off their pretty fur-topped kid mittens as they went, to make snowballs to throw back at their foes.

The little boys were really not very brave, or they wouldn't have made the attack "from the rear," and then added to the disgrace by running away, so they didn't make very good fighters, and before long the little girls had routed them completely.

Then the "Three Little Kittens" went back to look for their mittens, but not one of the six could be found!

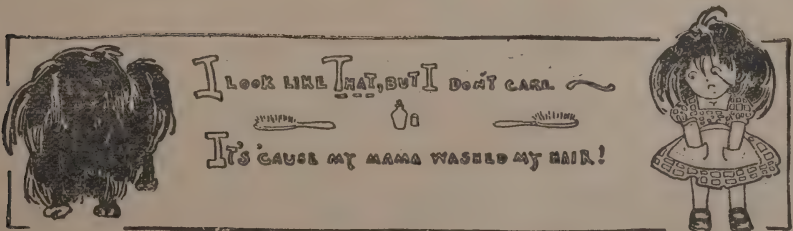
And so, when each of the Katherines told her mama about the battle, she ended by saying, "But, Mama dear, we all lost our mittens!"

And each of the mamas laughed, and replied, like the mother cat in the old rhyme,

"'Lost your mittens?' You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!'"

And then each of them added, "But we have pudding for dessert to-day!"

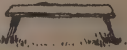
























So, you see, it wasn't a very big punishment after all.




























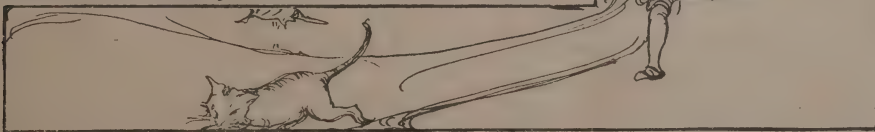
Trixie and the Flower-Children.

II.



TRIXIE sat on the garden  and Uncle Joe sat beside her, and all the  nodded their heads and listened while  told his story. "Peter Pansy," said Uncle Joe, "lived down by the  with his mother and his brother and his sister . He had yellow  and a purple  and he was the gayest little fellow you ever saw and as bright as a . He laughed so much that he kept all the other  children laughing, too. Every morning he washed his face in a  full of dew and dried it on a  made of beams and every day he went to school to old Mr.  and carried his  in a  made of green -blade. One day Mrs.  put up her purple  and took her yellow  and went to see how  was getting on at school. 'Peter is a bright ,' said Mr. , frowning at her through his , 'but he is too fond of play.' 'You must keep him at his , Mr. Owl,' said Mrs. . 'I will,' said . But dear, dear, that very day

when  was not looking, Peter dropped his  under the  and jumped right out of the school-room  ! Under the red -bush he met Kitten Gray who was chasing  in the . 'Hello!' said . 'Hello,' said . And she looked so much like Peter that they were friends at once. 'Race me to the rain- !' cried Peter. 'All right!' cried . And just then 'Bow-wow!' They heard Spot, the big  that lived in the , coming after them. Oh, how frightened  was! His little  went pit-a-pat under his purple . 'Run!' cried  and away they went so fast that you couldn't tell which was  and which was , and before  could catch them  crept safe under the  and Peter jumped into the flower-bed by the  and hid behind his mother's purple . "Oh!" cried Trixie. "And did he never run away again, Uncle Joe?" "Never," said . "But he is always laughing just the same. And next time I will tell you about Lucy Lily."





ONCE OR TWICE THEY THOUGHT THEY HEARD HIM

THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF HONEYPOT HILL

BY CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER

CHAPTER III.—HOW GENE DISAPPEARED

DOROTHY and Raoul ran after Gene, and as they plunged downward they could hear him crashing his way on below them.

"Oh!" gasped Dorothy, "where do you suppose the fire is? It must be on Honeypot, or we couldn't have seen it so plainly."

Raoul did not answer. He took Dorothy's hand and helped her on down the steep, slippery side of Honeypot as well as he was able, following always the sound of Gene's footsteps ahead of them.

But presently, Raoul realized that they were no longer following Gene — that he could not hear the crashing footsteps and that they no longer got glimpses of the flying figure, through the trees. So Raoul tightened his grip on Dorothy's hand, swung his free arm about a sapling and brought them both to a breathless stop.

"Listen!" whispered Raoul.

But the only sounds were the singing of birds and the whispering of the breezes through the tree-tops; and to their nostrils came ever so faintly the odor of burning wood.

Dorothy was half crying. "Oh, Raoul!" she wailed. "Are we going the wrong way? I never was on this side of Honey-pot before, and I don't know where we are. Do you suppose we are *lost*?"

"Non, non!" Raoul assured her. "There is the sun, there is the blue sky; up there is the *pique-nique*; down there is the bottom of the hill. If we go up, we reach our friends again. If we go down we reach the bottom of the hill, that is all. I will call Gene, and if he hears us he will answer, and we shall know how next to go." So he cupped his mouth with his hands and shouted loudly, "Gene! Gene!"

But though Raoul called again and again, Gene did not answer. Once or twice they thought they heard him faintly, further down the hill, but the sound was so far off that they could not be certain. At last, Raoul took Dorothy's hand again and they crept carefully on down the long slope.

"Oh, where are you, Gene!" cried Dorothy at last, clutching Raoul's sleeve to steady herself and bringing them both to a stop beside a dead oak tree. She was tired and rather frightened now, and she did wish they could just hear Gene's voice and know he was safe. Raoul wished so, too, but neither of them really expected to have Gene's voice answer them: "Down here. Come on down. I thought you'd never get here!"

"My goodness!" breathed Dorothy, looking all around. "That sounded as though it came out of the ground! Oh, Raoul, Raoul! What's happened! What are you doing?"

And well might she ask, for before her very eyes, Raoul disappeared into the ground at her feet!

The grass grew high and thick around the roots of the dead oak, and neither of the children had noticed how well it concealed a hole in the earth big enough to admit the passage of a man's body. Raoul had stepped into this hole, and Dorothy had just missed it.

And then, out of the hole, Raoul's voice said: "It is all right, mam'selle Dorothy."

"Come on down," added Gene's voice. "Put your feet over the edge and drop. We'll catch you. There's something queer down here."



THE ODDEST LITTLE HOUSE YOU COULD IMAGINE

Dorothy obeyed, and in another moment she was sliding through the hole to the waiting boys.

It was very dark at the bottom of the hole but Gene assured his sister that she would get used to it in a minute.

"Is the fire down here?" Dorothy wanted to know.

"No, the fire isn't down here — I haven't found it yet. If I hadn't been looking for it so hard, I don't suppose I'd have run into this old hole. I fell right through, like you did, Raoul, and I guess I pretty near broke my neck, too. See what I fell over!" And he pointed his pocket flashlight,

which he always carried, toward a short ladder, built of lengths of young trees. He braced the ladder against the side of the hole, and the top of it reached only slightly beyond the hole's top.

"Oui!" nodded Raoul, examining the ladder. "Yes, it was made for the hole. Somebody goes in and out."

"Yes," agreed Gene, "and when they're out, the ladder is up, I'll bet. But when I dropped in, the ladder was down, so they're at home. Somebody surely uses this hole for an entrance. But that's not all I found. See here!"

The hole had been dug out some distance back of the opening, under the roots of the dead tree, and the children followed Gene on their hands and knees into the tiny cave. Suddenly Gene moved to one side with his flashlight, and Raoul uttered a quick exclamation.

"A tunnel," he cried, "and not new!"

"I'd like to know what it's used for," said Gene. "I mean to find out. Who's coming with me? I'm going through."

"Oh, Gene!" protested Dorothy. "Do you think we should? Maybe they are very wicked people—pirates, or robbers, or kidnappers, or—or—"

"Maybe," assented Gene, with a wink at Raoul which Dorothy did not see. "Or goblins, or ghosts, or witches—you left those out, Dot. Or maybe it's bears—though bears don't use ladders as a rule!"

"That's just it, Gene," said Dorothy, who didn't see anything to laugh at. "I just know that whoever it is must be dreadfully wicked or they wouldn't drop into holes and crawl through tunnels—they wouldn't need to. I wish you wouldn't go."

"If they're as wicked as all that," said Gene decidedly, "it's time somebody found out about them and stopped their wickedness. See here, Dot Freeman, what are you so afraid of? If you don't want to come with Raoul and me, you can just wait here by yourself until we come back. Raoul and I are going."

"I guess I'm not a bit more scared than you are, Gene Freeman!" exclaimed Dorothy, sticking her head into the inky blackness of the little tunnel. "But I don't think we ought to go, just the same. We haven't found the fire, or anything. But if you're going, I'm not going to stay here in this old hole."

And before the boys could stop her, Dorothy had drawn her body into the opening, and was crawling as well as she could through the dark, damp earth. There was nothing for them to do but follow at once, and in a moment Gene's flashlight threw its little ray about the rocky wall of the tunnel,

and guided the children as much as it could. They had to crawl carefully, and very slowly, and had they wanted to turn back they could not have done so, for the tunnel was not wide enough to turn around in. They would have had to back out.

Dorothy dared not think at all. There might be a bear, or pirates, or just *anything*, you know! And whatever it was, she would be the first to discover it, for she was at the head of the exploring party, and neither of the boys could pass her.

They seemed to have been crawling for hours before the floor of the tunnel began to slope upward and grow wider, and, almost before any of them knew it, they were crawling out into the bright sunlight of early afternoon. For a few minutes they could only sit and blink like tiny puppies or kittens. Then Dorothy discovered that all around them were trees and rising slopes, and it looked very much as if they had come out onto another part of Honeypot Hill. But before Dorothy could decide whether that was what had happened or not, her gasp of astonishment and her pointing finger made the two boys jump to their feet and rub their eyes as if they couldn't believe what they saw.

There, set in a natural hollow in the side of the hill, was the oddest little house you could imagine. And out of its slender chimney curled a lazy gray ribbon of smoke!

(To be continued)





BETSEY AND HER DOLLS

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

Author of "The House of Delight"

THE DELIGHTVILLE STATION

"**B**ETSEY, we must finish Delightville Station before Christmas, you know," said Violet one Saturday.

"Of course! Before Mr. and Mrs. Darling come for the Christmas party," agreed Betsey, beginning to think hard.

"I can think better when I see the box," said Violet. So the two little cousins went at once to the playroom and sat down before the large wooden box which was to be the little depot.

"Let's each work separately," said Violet suddenly. "You choose something and I'll choose something."

Now, this meant that Violet had thought of some clever scheme, and Betsey knew it. "I'd like to do the lunch counter," added Violet.

"You certainly shall," said Betsey earnestly, "and I'll do the ticket window."

At that, she went out of one door of the playroom to the tool-chest, and Violet went out of the other door to the kitchen.

"Whatever does Violet want in the kitchen?" thought Betsey.

"Whatever does Betsey want in the tool-chest?" thought Violet.

And they soon found out, when they examined each other's work.

The little lunch counter made Betsey laugh with delight. It was made of a small corset-box covered with marbled wall paper. Four little stools were glued near one side of it—each made of two spools glued together with a small cardboard circle on top. The coffee tank was made like this. Violet had cut about three inches off the end of a small mailing tube, and covered the three inches smoothly with silver paper. On top was the glass stopper of an old cold-cream jar. And the faucet was a small gilt hook turned upside down.

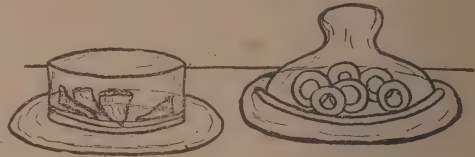


On the counter were the tiny white plates from Betsey's teaset, filled with cardboard sandwiches and doughnuts. But the best ideas of all were the glass covers for the pies. One was a glass top from the percolator, and the other was a tiny round glass box which had once held salve.

"Now, let me look at the ticket office," said Violet when Betsey had admired the lunch counter.

Betsey had made the little office like this:—

She set a writing paper box cover up on one of its short sides. In the center of this, near the top, she cut a little window, folding a little shelf outward at both top and bottom. Between these little shelves ran five toothpicks. Underneath these bars was another narrow slit with a shelf bending outward. The tickets and the money could be passed through this opening. You can see the measurements in the pattern.



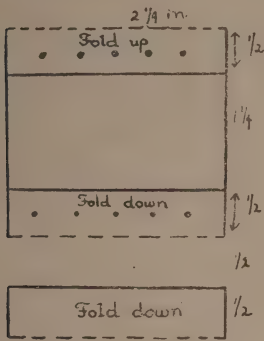
Glass Covers

"You know they always have a railing so only one line can go to the window at once," reminded Betsey. And for her railing, she had driven three enormous nails four inches long, about three inches apart, and between the posts, there dangled a little chain which Betsey had found in the tool-chest.

"It's awfully clever," sighed Violet. "Let's get that old doll with the short hair and dress him in blue for a ticket man."

This kept Violet busy while Betsey made a telephone booth. This was made from a correspondence-card box set on end. First it was covered with plain brown wall-paper made to look like wood. A tall door was cut in one side, and a window

in the top of that. Behind the window, Betsey pasted thin paraffin paper for glass. Inside she glued up a little telephone exactly like Mrs. Delight's in the House of Delight. If you have not read that, here are the directions:



Cut on heavy lines.
Fold on dotted lines.
Run toothpicks between
upper and lower holes.

Ticket Window

cord. Paint the whole thing dark brown with water colors.

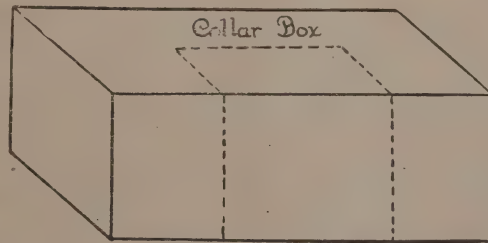
Just as Betsey left the little door open for her cousin to see, Violet popped a little sign into the new station, saying in big black letters NO SMOKING.

"That reminds me," said Betsey, "we must have a little blackboard telling when the trains are due." As she spoke, she snatched up a black box cover, cut out a blackboard, 4 inches by 5, and wrote on it with white chalk:

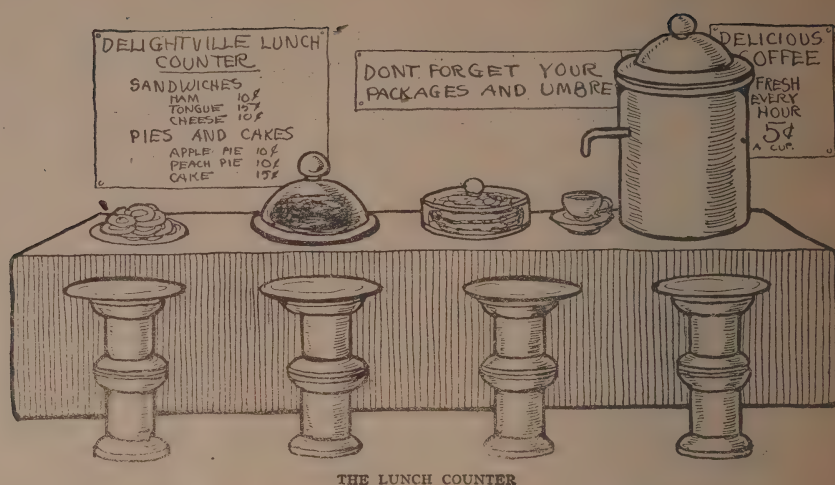
From Boston — due
3:45 — On time.

From New-York — due
4:15 — On time.

"All our trains are on time in *this* town," she observed, as she tacked the little board



Magazine Booth
Cut out on dotted lines



on the wall over the radiator. And that made her notice the radiator which Violet had glued against the wall when her cousin was not looking. It was just a piece of corrugated cardboard, 4 inches by 3. But it looked exactly like a radiator because it was gilded.

"We are all done now," said Violet, "except the settees and the magazine booth."

So Betsey began to make tiny magazines while Violet made the booth. She took a collar box and cut a square out of the center and through one side, like the pattern. In each corner she stuck a skewer and looped a cord from one to the other. Then the two girls hung magazines from the cord and all over the sides of the booth.

Settees were made exactly like the pews in the church without the book racks. Then there were only two more things to do to the Delightville Station. Betsey put up a large sign on each side of it, saying DELIGHTVILLE. And then Violet arranged Tom's old railroad track nearby, letting it wind under the bookcase out of sight.

On the Saturday before Christmas, all the people who lived in Delightville were at the station. And that means Mr. and Mrs. Delight, Dinah, Dumpling, and the baby (And the ticket man: I almost forgot him.)

Presently, the train came rushing along the tracks, pushed by Betsey. Then Mr. and Mrs. Darling got off the train, helped by Violet.

"What a beautiful new station!" cried Mrs. Darling in Betsey's voice.

"Wait until you see the whole town!" said Mr. Delight, in Violet's deepest voice.

And before they went home for the Christmas holidays at the House of Delight, they all had to buy a ticket and a magazine, use the telephone booth, and drink long life to Delightville in coffee from the tin-foil coffee-tank.

MY TEMPER

I have a little temper;

'Tis like my pony gray —

Unless I watch it closely

It tries to get away,

And rear and kick and trample

On all who near it stand,

And so I try to curb it,

And hold it well in hand.

No good to use a snaffle;

I keep a tight curb-rein,

And speak to it quite gently —

Yet sometimes all in vain.

It is so much the stronger

It gets away from me;

But I will be its master

Some day, as you shall see!

Caro Atherton Dugan



A SPLENDID TRAIN OF CARS.

PLAYING CARS.

SOMETIMES a row of chairs will make
 A splendid train of cars,
 Whose passengers a ride may take
 With neither jolts nor jars.

With Robert as the engineer,
 Upon his good high-chair,
 One never has a need to fear
 But he'll arrive somewhere.

This kind of train may never beat
 A tortoise in a race,
 But one had better keep his seat
En route from place to place —

For, though one may not come to harm
 In quickly stepping clear,
 There's no occasion to alarm
 The happy engineer!

Frank Walcott Hutt.



THE HABIT THAT MENACES OUR CHILDREN

SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS

Right and Wrong Foods

EVERY mother wants her boy to be clean cut and energetic and her girl to be physically attractive and sweet. Only healthy children can learn easily and grow up to be proper citizens. No doubt, long before your child has become old enough to take *Little Folks*, you have taught him to keep his teeth clean and his body and mind pure.

You have probably spent more or less time in trying to teach your child to eat properly — perhaps you have succeeded in teaching proper mastication — that only fruit can be eaten hurriedly with safety — if you have, you have equipped him with habits which will serve in the fight which most modern parents are having against the sugar habit.

If Ethel and Arthur understand that they have a busy factory inside their bodies, they will not want to spoil the work that is going on, making health and strength and beauty for them, by clogging the machinery with candy and sweet drinks.

Dr. John Lovett Morse, formerly professor in the Harvard Medical School, says:

"A young child should not know the taste of candy and should never be given ice-cream and sherbets.

"Sugar is not a necessary component of a child's dietary as it is so often said to be.

The origin of this belief that it is necessary is probably the fact that children need carbohydrates in considerable amounts in order to keep up the body heat and to supply energy. There are, however, two kinds of carbohydrates, sugars and starches. The starches are as useful as the sugars. The starches do not easily cause disturbance of the digestion while sugars do. The starches can take the place of the sugar and there is, consequently, no need for the use of sugars.

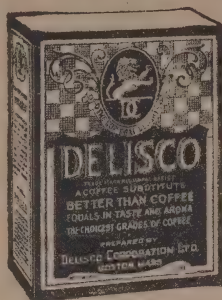
"Sodas, ice-cream and candy, usually bought over the soda fountain and from the candy case, are very injurious to the health of young children. These things are the most common cause of indigestion, distract the appetite from proper foods, interfere with nutrition and cause decay of the teeth. I believe the effects are not merely temporary, but continue on into adult life.

"Take a child that eats lots of candy. He will never have good teeth again, he will suffer from indigestion for a lifetime and will likely be a confirmed dyspeptic when arriving at an adult age. This will ruin the temperament, impair the digestion and likely do much harm to his power to earn a living.

"It is also a bad habit for a parent to give their children pennies to spend for

(Continued on page 138)

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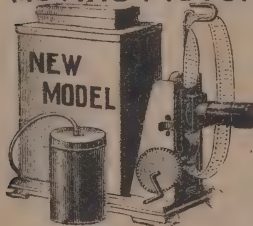
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CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS

Have You Any Spools

WHEN you are at a loss for something to do, collect all the empty cotton spools you can find in the house, then secure some pasteboard boxes and, with a little glue, you will be ready to commence making some of the cleverest little bits of furniture for your doll-house that you can imagine. The furniture is easily made by using the spools for the legs of tables and chairs, and even beds! Set the spools the right distance apart. cover the top of each one with glue, and place over them all a piece of cardboard cut the right size for table-top or chair-seat. For chairs with backs, glue smaller spools on top of the chair seat at the back, put cardboard across the top with glue to hold it to the spool-tops, and a similar strip of cardboard on top of those, and your chair is done. For a settee, bend a piece of cardboard twice the width of your seat upward, through the middle. The bent-up half is the back of the settee. For a bed, bend up the two ends for a head-board and foot-board! You can paint the pasteboard and the spools any color you choose.

S. L. Bastin.

Something for Mothers

(Continued from page 137)

candy and sodas. It makes the child continually ask for money, destroys any idea in their minds of the value of money and starts a bad habit with them for life.

"A child that has been properly brought up and has never been given a taste of anything except its own food, does not expect to have anything else to eat and will, therefore, never ask for other food. He will be perfectly contented with his own food and it will not occur to him that he can eat anything else.

"A child's lunch should consist of bread and butter, or a meat sandwich, and if soup and milk can be obtained at the school, so much the better.

"The reasonable diet for children from four to six years of age, is as follows: milk, butter, mutton broth, chicken soup, beef juice, soft boiled eggs, scrambled eggs, dropped eggs, lamb chops, mutton chops, roast chicken, boiled chicken, roast lamb, roast mutton, beef steak, roast beef, minced beef, boiled fish, broiled fish, French bread, stale bread, toasted bread, whole wheat bread, milk toast, zwieback, plain white crackers, baked custard, corn-starch, bread pudding, rice pudding, plain blanc mange, gems, corn cake, oatmeal and many other cereals, farina, rice, baked potatoes, mashed potatoes, plain macaroni, peas, string beans, spinach, asparagus, Summer squash, carrots, stewed celery, orange juice, baked apples, stewed prunes, apple sauce, junket, plain tapioca, apple tapioca, gelatines, prune whip and sugar cookies."

Margherita O. Osborne

The Wishing Ring

How to Make Your Wishes Come True.

YOU know that there are many old stories about magic rings — where fairies have danced by moonlight — and how, if you were lucky enough to find one of these charmed places, you could stand in the middle and wish, and whatever you wished would be yours. Well, I've named this page *The Wishing Ring* because I'm going to help you get the things you wish for. All you have to do to find out, is to write to me, the Helping Fairy, tell me what toy, or book, or tool you want, and I'll tell you how you can get it.

Just about this time Helping Fairy



valentines — lace paper, folders, paper springs, picture ornaments and mailing envelopes. With one or two of these sets, and some paste, scissors and pencil, you can have a Valentine Party, which is no end of fun.

The smaller set will make six valentines; it's just as good as the larger one, only it hasn't so much material.

You'll be surprised how easy it is to get these presents; just write a note to Helping Fairy, in care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass., and I'll tell you right away what to do.

When you find how easy it is, you'll want other toys, so you may as well write Helping Fairy just what toys interest you most, when you're asking about the Valentines.

With love from

Helping Fairy.



knows that you'll be thinking about Valentines and I know about two splendid sets for making them — it's much more fun to make Valentines than to buy them, and folks like the made kind better; they show that you've really spent time to think about them when you send a valentine that you've made yourself.

The larger of these valentine sets has enough material to make twelve to fifteen

SOMETHING TO PLEASE MOTHER

What is Mother's favorite perfume? Perhaps she doesn't know. At any rate, we will send you a test set, just to see whether she really does know, or not. There are three cunning bottles of three most delightful perfumes. Just send us your address and two 2c. stamps (4c) and we'll mail you the test set with directions, and a delightful booklet on "Fragrance." Address: Fragrance, % Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

Something for Snowy Days

Fun for Indoors and Out

WHEN it storms too hard to go out of doors, sister can make a house for her paper dolls to live in, or brother can make a store, with something as simple as two large, clean sheets of wrapping paper, a pencil, some paste, a pair of scissors, some crayons and perhaps a few old magazines.

Fold your paper over and over until you have the size you want each room to be, and then tear the edges with a knife, and sew up the center fold as the back of a book is sewn. If you are fortunate enough to have any of the paper that looks like red brick, paste it over the front page. Along the center of the bottom line lay two rectangular pieces of white paper, one above the other, to form steps, and over this, with your pencil and a ruler, make a door of the white paper, outlining with your pencil the panels and the knob. Cut the door along the lines that make the top, bottom and right side, and crease it lightly along the side where the hinges would be. Then your doll can truly walk into her hall! If you do not have this paper to make a red brick house, white paper houses are just as nice, and you can either draw or cut from a seed catalog some shrubbery to go on either side of the door. Be sure to put white paper windows on the outside of your house, as well. Perhaps you will find some window boxes full of flowers for those!

Outline your front door on the inside, too, and then either draw with your crayons, or cut from a magazine and paste in, a table and a chair to go on either side of the door, just as you might find them in your own hall. Remember that your door leading into the house was up two steps from the bottom of the page, so make each door the same space all through your house, and use the space beneath to draw or paste a rug.

Carry out this same idea all through your house, using suitable furniture, and having each door lead from one room to the next. Of course, your hall leads into your living room, and then your dining room is next to your kitchen. Your house may be a bungalow, or you can easily find

the picture of a stairway, and have two floors, with bedrooms to furnish!

Brother's store is made on the same idea, except that on the outside he can have two long show windows, and inside he can have counters and shelves, all fitted up with the sorts of things to be found in the kind of store he has decided to keep. A whole village can be made out of these books, and when the paper dolls are selected to live in each house, you've no idea how fast disagreeable weather is forgotten, and stormy days turned into shiny ones! Try it and see.

D. A. Van Tries.

After a snow-storm, you will find it fun to try snow landscape gardening. You will need to buy a little dye — Easter egg-dyes or common cloth dyes are both good.

If you want to make garden beds, make them oblong in shape, so that you can easily reach all parts of them from a path. The snow upon which your gardening is to be done must not be trampled, as that spoils it for designing.

When your beds are made, trace your patterns with a stiff brush or a fine-mesh sprinkler, being careful not to touch the snow with the hand or the brush, but merely letting the colored water fall upon it. When thus treated, the snow will quickly absorb the water, and the crystals of color will be left upon its surface to gleam in the sunlight or moonlight. Figures, flowers, words or designs may be traced upon the snow in colors.

To prepare your colors, dissolve your dye in as many vessels as you wish to have colors. The solution does not need to be strong, one packet of dye being enough for three or four gallons of water.

Snow landscape gardening need not be confined to snow banks, but may be applied to bushes and shrubs that are laden with snow or ice. Paint the snow or ice with your brush or sprinkler, after first spreading newspapers on the snow beneath them, so that it will be discolored. Paint the branches different colors, and you will have a fairy tree or bush in your door-yard.

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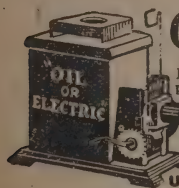
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The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat, which are often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, making breathing easy, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh. Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection when these diseases are epidemic. It gives great relief in Asthma.

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past 42 years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

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Leming-Miles Bldg., Montreal Canada.



USED WHILE YOU SLEEP

PLAYROOM COOKS

Something for Supper

"OH, Mother, couldn't we get supper tonight?" asked Janie. It's Cook's afternoon out, and we'd just love to 'surprise Daddy!

"Why, yes," said Mother. "I think you might, if you don't try anything hard."

"Oh, goody!" cried Janie. "And may we go to the store and get what we'll need for the cooking?"

"Write out your list and let me see it, first," said Mother.

So Janie and Ruth made a little list, and this is what it said:

Snappy Cheese, one-half pound bacon, one-half pint of cream, small loaf of sponge cake.

"Very well," said Mother, "you may get those things."

So the little girls were soon happily busy in the kitchen. This is the rule they used for

SNAPPY CHEESE TOAST

- 1 Snappy Cheese
- 1 Egg
- 1 Tablespoonful of Worcestershire
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of Mustard
- 8 Slices of Bacon

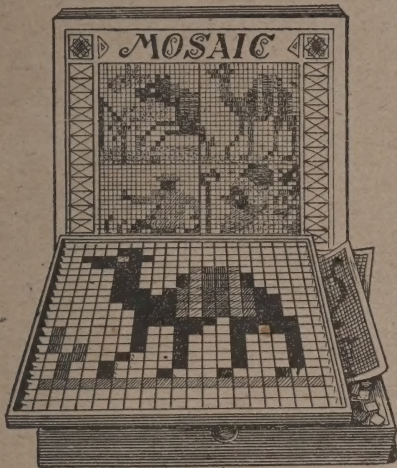
Janie beat the egg, while Ruth mashed up the cheese, then Janie poured the egg into the bowl with the cheese and added the Worcestershire sauce and mustard. This made a thick paste, which the little girls spread on four slices of bread. Two pieces of bacon were placed on each slice, and then the slices were placed in buttered pans and baked in the oven until the bacon was cooked.

While the toast was cooking, Ruth beat the cream and sweetened it with three tablespoonfuls of confectioners' sugar; then added half a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Janie lined glass cups with thin strips of sponge cake, the cream was spooned into the centres and behold, Charlotte Russe was all ready for dessert.

And Daddy liked the supper ever so much, and Mother said it had two advantages: "It didn't take long to do, and it didn't make many cooking dishes to wash."

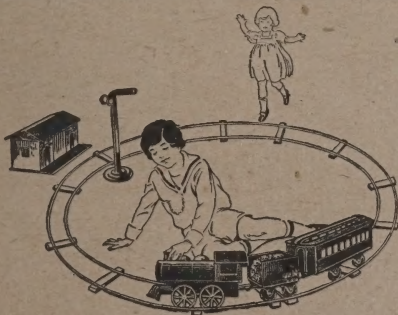
HERE ARE TOYS FOR HAPPY HOURS



MOSAIC BLOCKS

Just the plaything for little children who like to make things out of blocks. Consists of a square wooden frame, enamelled in gray, subdivided into many little squares. This frame lifts out and the lower section contains a multitude of colored enamelled blocks to fit the little squares in the frame. Colored patterns are furnished and by following these all sorts of delightful pictures can be made of animals, birds, people, objects and geometric figures. It is a fascinating occupation for the child, and even grown-ups will like to play with it. Mother can use it to work out pretty designs for cross-stitch work. Better than a puzzle.

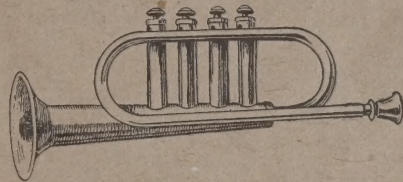
Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 60c.



HUMMER TRAIN

Be your own engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman, signal-man, passenger and—owner of the road! You can be all these things if you have a Hummer Train. The Hummer consists of an engine, a coal-car and a passenger-coach that runs on a circular track, which comes in sections and is easily put together and taken apart when not in use. There is a real signal-station and automatic signal with the Hummer. The train is wound with a key which is attached to the engine, and cannot be lost. The entire outfit is well made of tin, and painted in gay colors.

Given for five yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, \$3.00.



CORNET

Would you like to be able to play a cornet? Maybe you mean to learn how when you are older. But right now, here is one to practice on, and a good little instrument it is, much more like a real one than a toy one. It really plays a tune! It has four stops, which you use just as you would those on a real cornet. This little all-metal instrument is only eight inches long. It won't take much practice for you to be able to play a bugle call, just as the Scout above is doing.

Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 90c.



WELFARE FARM

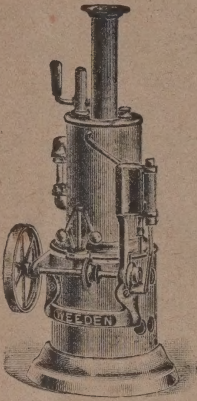
This is a cut-out game which is to be set up for play. You will find the animals, their barn, the farmer and his boy all ready to be cut out and arranged in the farm-yard. You can play all sorts of farm games with them, and have lots of fun.

Given for three new four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS at 50c. each. Cash price, 20c.

Your own subscription, either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with (C-D)

THE VERY NEWEST TOYS ARE HERE

GIANT STEAM ENGINE



This is one of the finest steam engines any boy could own. It has a large, handsomely finished boiler fitted with a safety valve and water gauge. The detachable lamp forms the base of the boiler, and there is a big, useful smokestack and a loud whistle. There is also a large fly-wheel with a driving pulley for operating mechanical toys. The engine develops considerable power and any boy will have endless fun making toys for it to operate. The engine will burn either denatured alcohol or petroleum. Every engine is tested by steam before leaving the factory. Full directions and list of duplicate parts which may be easily and quickly obtained accompany each engine.

Given for five yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, \$3.50

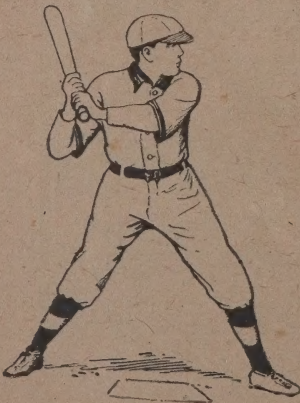
JUMP ROPES

Was there ever a girl who didn't like to jump rope? The one we offer is made of select, strong, durable rope, with fine polished handles, all ready for a skip and a jump the minute you take it from the package. Jumping rope is good exercise if it isn't overdone, and most every little girl would be delighted to own a fine jump-rope like this one. It will last a long time and give you many hours of fun.

Given for 4 four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, at 50c. Cash price, 25c.



BASEBALL SUIT



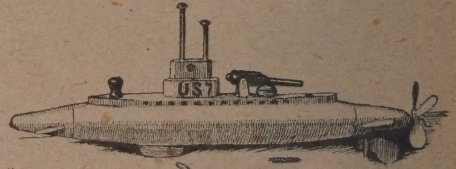
Boys, here is the suit you will want for your baseball games, whether you are a big boy or a little one. It is well-made of gray flannel, with trimmings of red. The suit consists of trousers, visored cap, blouse with pocket, and brown belt. A fine, durable suit for every boy "fan". If you belong to a team, all the members can have suits like this, getting them the same way you get yours, easily and cheaply. Be sure to state the size you want when ordering so that no mistakes will be made.

Given for three yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, \$2.75

KNOCKDOWN WREN HOUSE

This little house is built just exactly right for wrens to occupy, with an opening just large enough to admit them and too small to permit other less desirable birds to enter. Men who understand birds have tested this house and recommend it. It is made of wood stained in two colors, and comes packed flat in seven sections, with nails and full directions for putting it together—a very simple matter. The completed house may be fastened to a post, tree, fence or against the side of a house. Wrens are so worthwhile as songsters and "gardeners" that any boy or girl will want one of these houses to attract them. Where the wren builds, he returns year after year.

Given for 3 four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS at 50c. Cash price, 15c. each.



WHO WOULDN'T LIKE

a real Submarine that will run under water, dive and shoot a torpedo from an automatic torpedo gun. This submarine is equipped with propeller, motor and steering rudder, strongly and durably made of metal, and will provide its owner with hours of fun. It is the toy of the hour.

Given for three yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, \$1.25

A BALL WITH YOUR NAME ON IT



A ball is—a ball. That's just the matter with it. If you lose it, and someone else finds it, how does anybody know that it's your ball?

But a Ball with your name painted on it to stay—that's a different matter. Why, you can't lose a ball like that! It will come back to you every time—because of your name. That's one thing that makes the balls shown above different from and better to own than any others. All you have to do is tell us the name you want on the ball—be sure to write it plainly.

Another thing that makes these balls different is the design painted by hand on each one. You may choose the design you like: Tabby, Towser, Bunny, Jumbo, Ducky-Daddies or Cock-a-doodle.

The colors are bright and dainty and the balls are of fine quality rubber, good for use indoors or out. The picture does not begin to do the balls justice.

Don't forget to say which design you want, and above all things, the name you wish painted on your ball.

One ball given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS postpaid. Cash price, 35c. each.

Your own subscription, either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with asterisks(*—*)



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